

The Caped Crusader is back on the screen, and this time they've signed yet another actor for the title role. He's George Clooney, out to scale new heights! How did this come about? Read on as we rhyme you to death with...

# CLOONEY AS THE BAT

(with apologies - again - to Ernest Lawrence Thayer)



*The outlook was depressing on the Warner Brothers lot;  
The cost of films was soaring, but the ticket sales were not  
And when Who's That Girl went nowhere and Young Einstein had no luck,  
It was clear to all the moguls that their choice of films did suck.*

*"Let's do Batman," someone murmured - no one knows for sure who said it;  
(Although when the flick made millions, each exec would take the credit)  
And they shot a mighty epic, betting film fans would go ape  
At the sight of Michael Keaton clad in latex and a cape.*

*The Joker was the villain and although he wound up beaten,  
The performance of Jack Nicholson annihilated Keaton;  
"Hey, that's showbiz," said the mogul, for they soon were realizing  
That The Joker was the hero when it came to merchandising.*

*"Strike One!" the critics thundered, and they one and all agreed  
That the choice of Michael Keaton was a sorry one indeed;  
"How true," concurred the moguls, who were wise and knowing men,  
And to show they'd learned their lesson, they signed Keaton up again.*

*The sequel stumbled forth, a ho-hum epic it was more like;  
Twice as drearier was Keaton - many said he was Al Gore-like.  
While The Penguin reeked with evil and Catwoman flashed her whip,  
It was clear the Caped Crusader once again had lost his grip.*



"Strike Two!" the critics shouted, voicing loud their harsh complaint;  
"We've endured two Batman flicks, and Indiana Jones he ain't!"  
So the moguls, ever vigil, put their brains in overdrive;  
"Now that Keaton's gone", they cheered, "we'll cast a hunk who looks alive."

Another sequel hit the screen preceded by great hype,  
With Val Kilmer playing Batman – he was surely just the type;  
Alas, if Keaton proved a bore when villains he was stalking,  
Then Kilmer, plodding through his role, seemed like a dead man walking.

Now present was young Robin, Batman's chum since days of yore,  
And who somehow never showed up in the flicks that came before;  
They cohabited Wayne Manor, and to most there seemed no doubt  
That they both were in the closet and would surely soon come out.

The standout of that movie was Jim Carrey as The Riddler,  
Hamming up the place and proving twice as campy as Bette Midler;  
Wild and crazy, he cavorted as most ev'ry scene he stole,  
All of which reduced poor Kilmer to a weak supporting role.

"Strike Three!" the critics bellowed, and it seemed like that was that,  
'Cept this was no game of baseball like in "Casey at the Bat";  
Cried the moguls, "Let us not forget the T-shirts fans will buy!"  
"Just keep grinding out the sequels and we'll bleed the suckers dry!"



Thus they shot another picture and the saga lived once more;  
(We can't quite fit in the title, so we'll call it Batman IV)  
One producer wanted Jamie Farr, another, Mickey Rooney,  
But the movie needed someone fresh, and so they signed George Clooney.

He was handsome, he was dashing, the quintessence of a star –  
Known to countless TV viewers as that cut-up on ER;  
Here at last they had a Batman who was equal to the role –  
A monumental man of action whom the critics would extol.

Brave Clooney struggled mightily to take charge of the show,  
For most ev'rywhere he looked there loomed another fiendish foe –  
Like the evil Poison Ivy, overplayed by Uma Thurman,  
Not to mention Schwarzenegger, spreading fear and sounding German.

"I'm the star!" exulted Clooney, revving up the Batmobile;  
"I'll get raves!" he boasted proudly as he crouched behind the wheel;  
He would prove he was a hero that the world would not forget;  
He'd be praised beyond all measure as the finest Batman yet.

Oh, somewhere there are idols who are worthy of the name,  
Winning kudos from the critics, getting showered with acclaim;  
And somewhere there are heroes who survive the toughest test,  
But there is no joy in filmdom – Clooney struck out like the rest.

